

February 1995, Vol. 1, No. 11

\$3.25

# I N D E X

*The Montreal Literary Calendar*



POETRY BY

Sandra Nicholls

Remo Fasani

(translated by

Ricardo

Sternberg)

PROSE BY

Raymond

Beauchemin



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February, 1995

Dear Readers,

As some of you may know (and as some of you may be surprised to find out), this issue of INDEX marks a full year that we've been in publication. Somehow it doesn't seem possible, but there you have it.

With the coming of our second year of publication, there are going to be some changes. First off, we'll be welcoming some new members to our team (Corey Frost and Scott Inniss for starters), bidding a fond farewell to some old ones (Denise Roig and Sara Johnston), and gaining the sponsorship and assistance of FEWQ. We are also working on a new format for INDEX, and while the exact nature of that new format is as yet undetermined, we can assure you, it'll be good. Some new and exciting sections will be added, some old ones will be improved, but don't worry – everything you know and love about INDEX (listings, great poetry and short fiction, author interviews, and the reading series) will still be around.

In order for us to figure out all the details we'll be taking March off, so don't look for the new INDEX until April. We hope this doesn't inconvenience any of you, but we need the time in order to make it as good as we possibly can.

Okay. Done. We'll see you in a couple of months, better than ever.

Sincerely,

The Editors.

# I N D E X

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Managing Editor*  
Stephanie Blanshay

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Joshua Radu is a student at the Dawson  
Institute of Photography.

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Founded in 1994/Vol.1, No.11

February 1995

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## Contributors Notes

Raymond Beauchemin is a co-organizer of the Urban Wanderers Reading Series and the editor of the anthology *32 Degrees*, excerpts from Concordia University's graduate creative-writing theses. He is at work on a novel, *Frog*, and a play, *Dear Janey*, inspired by the letters of Calamity Jane to her daughter. He works at *The Gazette*.

\*\*\*

Ricardo Sternberg has taught at the University of Toronto since 1979 and also translates Portuguese/Brazilian literature into English. His own poems have appeared in *Poetry* (Chicago), *The Nation* and *The Paris Review*. His first book of poems, *The Invention of Honey*, was published by Véhicule Press in 1990. (The author wishes to thank Aino Passonen for help in translating from the Italian).

Remo Fasani was born in Mesocco (Grigioni) in 1922. He studied at the Universities of Florence and Zurich, and now teaches Italian literature at the University of New Châtel. In addition to his poetry, Fasani has himself translated extensively and has written a number of critical articles on Dante

\*\*\*

Sandra Nicholls' first book, *The Untidy Bride* (Quarry, 1991) was short-listed for the 1991 Pat Lowther Award from the League of Canadian Poets. Her poems and short stories have appeared in literary magazines across Canada, including *Dandelion*, *Grain*, *The Antigonish Review*, and *Room of One's Own*. The poems published here are from a series in progress entitled *Woman of Sticks*, *Woman of Bones*. She lives in Montreal with her husband, and is currently expecting a child.

\*\*\*

Jennifer Boire lives in Montreal where she is a graduate student in English at Concordia, and the mother of two. Her poems have appeared in *Canadian Author and Bookman*, *Zymergy*, *Contemporary Verse 2*, *Room of One's Own*, *Poetry Canada*, and will soon be published in the League of Canadian Poets' 7th National Poetry Contest anthology.



## Listings

### READINGS

Wednesday, February 1

8:00 p.m. **Galerie Fokus** presents poetry, tales, prose and open mike readings, with occasional featured performers, every Wednesday night at the Café Kaballah, 68 Duluth East. Admission is free. For more information, please call 284-6642.

Thursday, February 2

8:00 p.m. **The Yellow Door Coffee House** presents **Literature Live** with **The New Life Poets**, and **Kevin Bushell**. Following the featured performers, a short period of open mike will take place, and members of the audience will be encouraged to share something from their own writing. The reading will take place at the Yellow Door, 3625 Aylmer. Admission is \$2.00, and refreshments will be available for 50 cents. For more information, please call 398-6243.

Monday, February 6

8:00 p.m. **The Playwrights' Workshop Montreal** presents **Open Mic Night**. All writers bearing new dramatic material, in any stage of development, are invited to book a slot in which they will present a short work of no longer than 25 minutes. Participation is on a first come, first served basis. This month's Open Mic Night will take place at Strange Fish Loft, 10 Ontario West, Suite 408. For more information, please call 843-3685.

8:00 p.m. **Enough Said**, a SpokenWord performance event series which explores language in the widest performative contexts, presents a reading by alternative skat man **E.J. Brulé**, who invites

members from the audience to join him on stage. The series has a schedule of featured readers as well as open mike segments nightly. The reading will take place at Bistro 4, 4040 St. Laurent. For feature performance proposals, please call Lee at 278-5939.

Wednesday, February 8

8:00 p.m.

**Galerie Fokus** presents poetry, tales, prose and open mike readings, with occasional featured performers, every Wednesday night at the Café Kaballah, 68 Duluth East. Admission is free. For more information, please call 284-6642.

Monday, February 13

8:00 p.m.

**Enough Said**, a SpokenWord performance event series which explores language in the widest performative contexts, presents a **benefit evening for EnMarge**, an organization which offers shelter to street kids. There will be readings by 10-12 distinguished Montreal writers, and admission is \$1.00. The reading will take place at Bistro 4, 4040 St. Laurent. For feature performance proposals, please call Lee at 278-5939.

Tuesday, February 14

7:30 p.m.

**The Double Hook Book Shop** presents a Valentines Day reading with **Julie Keith**, reading from her new book of short stories *The Jaguar Temple*, and **Edeet Ravel**, reading from her prose poetry novel, *Lovers: A Midrash*. The readings will take place at the Double Hook, 1235A Greene Avenue. Admission is free. For more information, please call 932-5093.

Wednesday, February 15

8:00 p.m.

**The Playwrights' Workshop Montreal** presents **Transmissions**, an evening of English-Canadian drama in translation. The event is part of La Semaine de la Dramaturgie by Le Centre des Auteurs Dramatique, and will take place at L'Agora de la Danse, 840 Cherrier Street Esat. For more information, please call 843-3685.



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8:00 p.m.

**Galerie Fokus** presents poetry, tales, prose and open mike readings, with occasional featured performers, every Wednesday night at the Café Kaballah, 68 Duluth East. Admission is free. For more information, please call 284-6642.

Thursday, February 16

TBA

**The English Department of Concordia University** presents a reading by Canadian poet, novelist and short story writer **Elisabeth Harvor**. The time and venue are still TBA, so for an update, please call 848-2340.

8:00 p.m.

**The Yellow Door Coffee House** presents **Literature Live** with **Eugene Abrams**, and **Robert Majzels**. Following the featured performers, a short period of open mike will take place, and members of the audience will be encouraged to share something from their own writing. The reading will take place at the Yellow Door, 3625 Aylmer. Admission is \$2.00, and refreshments will be available for 50 cents. For more information, please call 398-6243.

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Sunday, February 19

7:30 p.m.

**The Federation of English Writers of Quebec (FEWQ)** invites writers to read from their work on the third Sunday of every month. The open mike nights will take place at the Madhatters Library, 1463 Metcalfe. For more information, please call 934-2485.

Monday, February 20

8:00 p.m.

**Enough Said**, a SpokenWord performance event series which explores language in the widest performative contexts, presents a reading by **La Groupe Poesie Moderne**. The series has a schedule of featured readers as well as open mike segments nightly. The reading will take place at Bistro 4, 4040 St. Laurent. For feature performance proposals, please call Lee at 278-5939.

Wednesday, February 22

8:00 p.m.

**Galerie Fokus** presents poetry, tales, prose and open mike readings, with occasional featured performers, every Wednesday night at the Café Kaballah, 68 Duluth East. Admission is free. For more information, please call 284-6642.

9:00 p.m.

**The Café Gallery Phoenix** presents the poetry/prose performance group the **Fluffy Pagan Echoes** in *Adventures of the Pancake Entertainers*, and invites thrill-seekers with children living in an increasingly oral culture to join them. The Fluffies, made up of **Victoria Stanton, Justin McGrail, Vince Tinguely, Ran** and **Scott Duncan**, are a group of writers/poets interested in making words come alive and entertaining the audience. The performance will take place at the Phoenix, 3901 St. Laurent Blvd. For more information, please call Scott at 495-8486.

Friday, February 24

9:00 a.m.

**McGill University's Graduate Communications Program** presents **Sandy Frances Duncan** reading from recent work. The reading will take place in room 232 of the

## INDEX

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Leacock Building on McGill campus. Admission is free. For more information, please call 398-4110.

5:00 p.m.

**McGill University's Graduate Communications**

**Program** presents **Guillermo Verdecchia** reading from his Governor General's Award-winning play, *Fronteros Americanos*. The venue for the reading is still TBA. Admission is free. For more information, please call 398-4110.

7:00 p.m.

**INDEX** presents a reading by award-winning Toronto poet **Rhea Tregebov**. The reading will take place at the Atwater Library, 1200 Atwater. For more information, please call 495-1847.

Saturday, February 25

10:30 a.m.

**McGill University's Graduate Communications**

**Program** presents a reading by **Myrna Kostash**. The reading will take place in room 232 of the Leacock Building on McGill campus. Admission is free. For more information, please call 398-4110.

Monday, February 27

8:00 p.m.

**Enough Said**, a SpokenWord performance event series which explores language in the widest performative contexts, presents a reading by a featured performer still TBA. The series has a schedule of featured readers as well as open mike segments nightly. The reading will take place at Bistro 4, 4040 St. Laurent. For feature performance proposals, please call Lee at 278-5939.

## LECTURES

Wednesday, February 1

5:30 p.m.

**The Friends of the Library** present **Professor Montague**

**Cohen** speaking on "*The Public Understanding of Science.*" The lecture will take place in room 26 of the Leacock Building on McGill campus. Admission is free. For more information, please call 398-8224.

Tuesday, February 7

7:45 p.m.

**The St. James Literary Society** presents **Dr. Leo Bertley** of Vanier College speaking on "*Invisible Black, North American History.*" The lecture will take place at McGill University's Faculty Club, 3450 McTavish. The annual membership fee to the Literary Society is \$35 for individuals, \$50 for families. For more information, please call Allan Raymond at 489-8741.

Tuesday, February 14

7:45 p.m.

**The St. James Literary Society** presents **Pierre Arbour**, financier and author, speaking on "*Quebec Inc.: A Study in State Capitalism.*" The lecture will take place at McGill University's Faculty Club, 3450 McTavish. The annual membership fee to the Literary Society is \$35 for individuals, \$50 for families. For more information, please call Allan Raymond at 489-8741.

Thursday, February 16

8:30 p.m.

**The Liberal Arts College of Concordia University** presents **Professor Hayden White**, from the University of California at Santa Cruz, speaking on "*Self, Voice and Identity: Crisis of Humanistic Ethics.*" The lecture will take place in room H-110 of the Henry F. Hall Building, 1455 de Maisonneuve West. For more information, please call 848-2566.

Tuesday, February 21

7:00 p.m.

**McGill University's Graduate Communications Program** and the **Beatty Memorial Lecture Series** presents **Maria Luisa Puga** speaking on "*The Culture of an Indocumentado.*" The lecture will take place in room 26 of

the Leacock Building on McGill campus. For more information, please call 398-4110.

7:45 p.m.

**The St. James Literary Society** presents **Scott J. Reid** speaking on "*Re-Mapping of Canada*." The lecture will take place at McGill University's Faculty Club, 3450 McTavish. The annual membership fee to the Literary Society is \$35 for individuals, \$50 for families. For more information, please call Allan Raymond at 489-8741.

Thursday, February 23

12 noon

**The Jewish Public Library** presents **Eva Raby** speaking on "*Children's Israeli Writers*" as part of their 1994/1995 Book Review Series on Israeli Writers in Translation. The lecture will take place in the Joseph and Ida Berman Auditorium of the library, 5151 Côte Ste. Catherine Road. Admission is \$2.00. For more information, please call 345-2627.

Tuesday, February 28

7:45 p.m.

**The St. James Literary Society** presents a representative of Bell Canada speaking on "*Electronic Information Superhighway: Towards the Global Village*." The lecture will take place at McGill University's Faculty Club, 3450 McTavish. The annual membership fee to the Literary Society is \$35 for individuals, \$50 for families. For more information, please call Allan Raymond at 489-8741.

## LAUNCHES

Monday, February 6

7:30 p.m.

**The NDG Anti-Poverty Group** presents the launch of an heroic poem by New Life Poet **Philip Amsel**, *The Cause That Goes On Forever*. The launch will take place at 6525 Somerled, Suite 7. Admission is free. For more information, please call 489-3548.

## RADIO &amp; TELEVISION

Thursday, February 2

11:00 a.m.

**WCFE Mountain Lake Public Radio** presents "**Selected Shorts**," exciting pairings of Oscar and Tony winning actors with short stories by acclaimed contemporary and classic authors. The programme airs on **WCFE FM 91.9**.

11:00 p.m.

**WCFE Mountain Lake Public Radio** presents "**Ken Nordine's Word Jazz**." You have to stare with your ears at these melodies of the mind created by one of the most familiar voices in America. The programme airs on **WCFE FM 91.9**.

Friday, February 3

11:00 a.m.

**WCFE** presents "**Voices and Visions**," a weekly series of documentary profiles on 20th century American poets. This week features **Ezra Pound: American Odyssey**. The programme airs on **Channel 57** (Ch. 12 on CF Cable, Ch. 14 on Videotron).

6:00 p.m.

**CKUT** presents "**Literature Montreal**," with host **Richard Weintrager** speaking with literary figures from Montreal and across Canada. The programme airs on **CKUT 90.3FM**.

7:00 p.m.

**WCFE Mountain Lake Public Radio** presents "**Tell Me a Story**," with contemporary authors reading from their work. The programme airs on **WCFE FM 91.9**.

Saturday, February 4

9:30 a.m.

**Stanley Asher** reviews Books on Pop Culture Themes. This week he reviews *Watersheds: Stories of Crisis and Renewal in our Everyday Lives*, by Tom Koch; *The Roar of the Crowd: How TV and People Power are Changing the World*, by Michael J. O'Neill, and *The Book and the Veil: Escape from an Istanbul Harem*, by Yeshim Ternar. The programme airs on **CINQ-FM 102.3FM**.



5:08 p.m.

**Shelley Pomerance** hosts "**Saturday Spotlight,**" CBC Radio's weekly programme on the arts in Quebec, with reviews and interviews, issues and opinions, and good music, too! The programme airs on **CBC 940AM.**

Sunday, February 5

3:00 p.m.

The CBC Radio programme "**Writers & Company**" presents host **Eleanor Wachtel** speaking with literary figures from all over the world. The programme airs on **CBC 940AM.**

Monday, February 6 to

Friday, February 10

10:15 p.m.

The CBC programme "**Between the Covers**" presents *Carried Away*, by **Alice Munro**. The first story in *Open Secrets*, Munro's glorious new collection, *Carried Away* is a matchless tale of love lost and regained. A letter sent from overseas in 1917 sweeps a small-town librarian into a world of secrets and revelations where nothing is as it originally seems. The programme airs nightly from Monday to Friday on **CBC 940AM.**

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Monday, February 6

10:45 p.m.

**CJAD** presents "**Book Banter**," with host **Stuart Nulman**.

The books to be reviewed this week are *The Official Dick Van Dyke Show Book*, by Vince Waldron, and *Bad TV*, by Craig Nelson. He also examines the American and Canadian best-seller lists, and discusses the latest news in the publishing industry. The programme airs on **CJAD 800AM**.

Tuesday, February 7

7:00 p.m.

**Stanley Asher** reviews Books on Jewish Themes. This week he reviews *From Ashes to Life*, by Lucille Eichengreen; *Conversations with Survivors*, poems by Jacqueline Osherow, and *The Strangest Dream*, by Merrily Weisbord (new edition). The programme airs on **CKUT 90.3FM**.

Thursday, February 9

11:00 a.m.

**WCFE Mountain Lake Public Radio** presents "**Selected Shorts**," exciting pairings of Oscar and Tony winning actors with short stories by acclaimed contemporary and classic authors. The programme airs on **WCFE FM 91.9**.

11:00 p.m.

**WCFE Mountain Lake Public Radio** presents "**Ken Nordine's Word Jazz**." You have to stare with your ears at these melodies of the mind created by one of the most familiar voices in America. The programme airs on **WCFE FM 91.9**.

Friday, February 10

11:00 a.m.

**WCFE** presents "**Voices and Visions**," a weekly series of documentary profiles on 20th century American poets. This week features **Langston Hughes: The Dream Keeper**. The programme airs on **Channel 57** (Ch. 12 on CF Cable, Ch. 14 on Videotron).

6:00 p.m.

**CKUT** presents "**Literature Montreal**," with host **Richard Weintrager** speaking with literary figures from Montreal and across Canada. The programme airs on **CKUT 90.3FM**.

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- 7:00 p.m. **WCFE Mountain Lake Public Radio** presents "**Tell Me a Story,**" with contemporary authors reading from their work. The programme airs on **WCFE FM 91.9.**
- Saturday, February 11  
9:30 a.m. **Stanley Asher** reviews Books on Pop Culture. This week he reviews *Remote Control: Power, Cultures and the World of Appearances*, by Barbara Kruger; *On the Line: The New Road to the White House*, by Larry King with Mark Stencel, and *The Great Divorce*, a novel by Valerie Martin. The programme airs on **CINQ-FM 102.3FM.**
- 5:08 p.m. **Shelley Pomerance** hosts "**Saturday Spotlight,**" CBC Radio's weekly programme on the arts in Quebec, with reviews and interviews, issues and opinions, and good music, too! The programme airs on **CBC 940AM.**
- Sunday, February 12  
3:00 p.m. The CBC Radio programme "**Writers & Company**" presents host **Eleanor Wachtel** speaking with literary figures from all over the world. The programme airs on **CBC 940AM.**
- Monday, February 13 to  
Friday, March 17  
10:15 p.m. The CBC programme "**Between the Covers**" presents *Such a Long Journey*, by **Rohinton Mistry**. Awards and honours have been heaped on this novel, including the Governor General's Award and the Commonwealth Writer's Prize. Now the author reads his own wonderful story about a father-son conflict in a Parsi family in Bombay, and about the larger battle between India and Pakistan. Produced in Toronto by Heather Brown, the programme airs nightly from Monday to Friday on **CBC 940AM.**
- Monday, February 13  
10:00 p.m. **CJAD** presents "**Book Banter,**" with host **Stuart Nulman**. This week features a Firesale show, and will also have reviews of

*The Hope* and *The Glory*, both by Herman Wouk, and *Edith Ann My Life So Far*, by Lily Tomlin and Jane Wagner. The programme airs on **CJAD 800AM**.

Tuesday, February 14

7:00 p.m.

**Stanley Asher** reviews Books on Jewish Themes. This week he reviews *Chagall to Kitaj: Jewish Experience in 20th Century Art*, by Avram Kampf; *Auschwitz*, produced by the Auschwitz - Birkerov State Museum, and *The American Jewish Biography*. The programme airs on **CKUT 90.3FM**.

Thursday, February 16

11:00 a.m.

**WCFE Mountain Lake Public Radio** presents "**Selected Shorts**," exciting pairings of Oscar and Tony winning actors with short stories by acclaimed contemporary and classic authors. The programme airs on **WCFE FM 91.9**.

11:00 p.m.

**WCFE Mountain Lake Public Radio** presents "**Ken Nordine's Word Jazz**." You have to stare with your ears at these melodies of the mind created by one of the most familiar voices in America. The programme airs on **WCFE FM 91.9**.

Friday, February 17

11:00 a.m.

**WCFE** presents "**Voices and Visions**," a weekly series of documentary profiles on 20th century American poets. This week features **Walt Whitman**. The programme airs on **Channel 57** (Ch. 12 on CF Cable, Ch. 14 on Videotron).

6:00 p.m.

**CKUT** presents "**Literature Montreal**," with host **Richard Weintrager** speaking with literary figures from Montreal and across Canada. The programme airs on **CKUT 90.3FM**.

7:00 p.m.

**WCFE Mountain Lake Public Radio** presents "**Tell Me a Story**," with contemporary authors reading from their work. The programme airs on **WCFE FM 91.9**.

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Saturday, February 18

9:30 a.m.

**Stanley Asher** reviews Books on Pop Culture. This week he reviews *Media Matters: Everyday Culture and Political Change*, by John Fiske; *Monitored Peril: Asian Americans and the Politics of TV Representation*, by Darrell Hamamoto, and *The Wild is Always There: Canada Through the Eyes of Foreign Writers*, by Greg Gatenby (ed.). The programme airs on **CINQ-FM 102.3FM**.

5:08 p.m.

**Shelley Pomerance** hosts "**Saturday Spotlight**," CBC Radio's weekly programme on the arts in Quebec, with reviews and interviews, issues and opinions, and good music, too! The programme airs on **CBC 940AM**.

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Sunday, February 19

3:00 p.m. The CBC Radio programme "**Writers & Company**" presents host **Eleanor Wachtel** speaking with literary figures from all over the world. The programme airs on **CBC 940AM**.

Tuesday, February 21

7:00 p.m. **Stanley Asher** reviews Books on Jewish Themes. This week he reviews *The Jewish 100*, by Michael Shapiro; *The Correspondence of Walter Benjamin*, and *Christ Killers*, by Russ Weinstein. The programme airs on **CKUT 90.3FM**.

Thursday, February 23

11:00 a.m. **WCFE Mountain Lake Public Radio** presents "**Selected Shorts**," exciting pairings of Oscar and Tony winning actors with short stories by acclaimed contemporary and classic authors. The programme airs on **WCFE FM 91.9**.

11:00 p.m.

**WCFE Mountain Lake Public Radio** presents "**Ken Nordine's Word Jazz**." You have to stare with your ears at these melodies of the mind created by one of the most familiar voices in America. The programme airs on **WCFE FM 91.9**.

Friday, February 24

11:00 a.m. **WCFE** presents "**Voices and Visions**," a weekly series of documentary profiles on 20th century American poets. This week features **Hart Crane**. The programme airs on **Channel 57** (Ch. 12 on CF Cable, Ch. 14 on Videotron).

6:00 p.m.

**CKUT** presents "**Literature Montreal**," with host **Richard Weintrager** speaking with literary figures from Montreal and across Canada. The programme airs on **CKUT 90.3FM**.

7:00 p.m.

**WCFE Mountain Lake Public Radio** presents "**Tell Me a Story**," with contemporary authors reading from their work. The programme airs on **WCFE FM 91.9**.



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Saturday, February 25

9:30 a.m.

**Stanley Asher** reviews Books on Pop Culture. This week he reviews *Down and Out in the Great Depression: Letters from the Forgotten Man*, edited by Robert S. McElvaine; *Black Southern Voices: An Anthology*, edited by John Oliver Killens and Jerry M. Ward, and *James Baldwin*, a biography by David Leeming. The programme airs on **CINQ-FM 102.3FM**.

5:08 p.m.

**Shelley Pomerance** hosts "**Saturday Spotlight**," CBC Radio's weekly programme on the arts in Quebec, with reviews and interviews, issues and opinions, and good music, too! The programme airs on **CBC 940AM**.

Sunday, February 26

3:00 p.m.

The CBC Radio programme "**Writers & Company**" presents host **Eleanor Wachtel** speaking with literary figures from all over the world. The programme airs on **CBC 940AM**.

Tuesday, February 28

7:00 p.m.

**Stanley Asher** reviews Books on Jewish Themes. This week he reviews *Notes from a Sealed Room: An Israeli View of the Gulf War*, *Witnesses: Life in Occupied Krakow*, by Miriam Peleg Marianska and Mordecai Peleg, and *Kafka and Kabbalah*, by Karl Erich Grozinger. The programme airs on **CKUT 90.3FM**.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

**above/ground press** would like to announce a **chapbook contest** for poets unpublished in book form. Send 15-20 pages, typed, single-spaced, with your name, address, telephone number and title of the completed manuscript, along with the \$10 entry fee made payable to Rob McLennan, to: I WANNA WIN!, c/o Rob McLennan, 586 McLeod Street, #2, Ottawa, Ontario, K1R 5R3. The deadline for entries in **June 30th, 1995**.

The winner will be published as an above/ground press chapbook, and reap many benefits, including worldwide fame. For more information, please call Rob at (613) 231-7722.

\*\*\*

**The Playwrights' Workshop Montreal** would like to announce a call for submissions for **two contests**:

The first is in conjunction with **CBC Radio Performance**, and the selected short radio drama scripts will be produced and aired on the CBC radio show *Morningside*. The script must be no longer than 25 minutes long, should contain some humorous elements, and should be radio friendly (i.e. make effective use of the radio medium). Two scripts will be chosen, and the selected writers will be paid for their work by the CBC. The deadline for submissions is **February 15, 1995**. Send your radio drama scripts to: Playwrights' Workshop Montreal, P.O. Box 604, Station Place D'Armes, Montreal, Quebec, H2Y 3H8.

The second contest is the fourth annual **Write on the Edge Festival**, an important showcase of emerging talent featuring new plays written by **post-secondary students**. You must be registered at any CEGEP, University or drama institution in Quebec or in the Ottawa area to be eligible. Four to six playwrights will be chosen to participate in the Festival, and the winners will receive \$100, plus a workshop of their script by professional actors, directors and dramaturgs, culminating in a staged public reading. Submissions can be plays of any length and on any topic, but never previously professionally produced. Playwrights are limited to two submissions each. The submission deadline is **February 6, 1995**. Send your plays to: Write on the Edge, Playwrights' Workshop Montreal, P.O. Box 604, Station Place D'Armes, Mtl, PQ, H2Y 3H8.

For further information about either of these contests, please call 843-3685.

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*The Montreal Literary Calendar*

IS PROUD TO PRESENT  
A READING BY AWARD-WINNING  
TORONTO POET

**RHEA TREGEBOV**

AUTHOR OF  
*REMEMBERING HISTORY AND  
THE PROVING GROUNDS,*  
AND WINNER OF THE  
PAT LOWTHER AWARD  
FOR POETRY.

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# FEBRUARY

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# Y 1995

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<p>Readings at Galerie</p> <p>Between the Covers on CBC</p>	<p>9</p> <p>11:00am <i>Selected Shorts</i> on WCFE FM 91.9, p.14</p> <p>10:15pm <i>Between the Covers</i> on CBC 940AM, p.13</p> <p>11:00pm <i>Word Jazz</i> on WCFE FM 91.9, p.14</p>	<p>10</p> <p>11:00am <i>Voices &amp; Visions</i> on WCFE, p.14</p> <p>6:00pm <i>Literature Montreal</i> on CKUT, p.14</p> <p>7:00pm <i>Tell me a Story</i> on WCFE FM 91.9, p.15</p> <p>10:15pm <i>Between the Covers</i> on CBC 940AM, p.13</p>	<p>11</p> <p>9:30am Stan Asher on CINQ, p.15</p> <p>5:08pm <i>Saturday Spotlight</i> on CBC 940AM, p.15</p>
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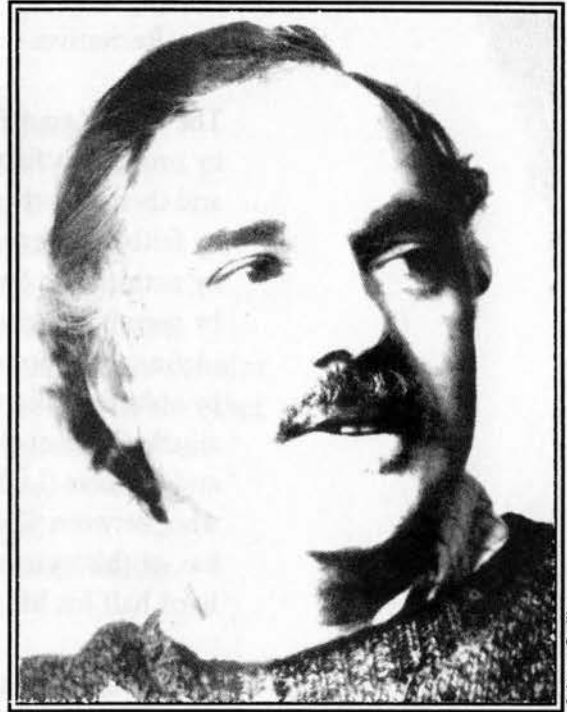


## The art of teleportation: Ricardo Sternberg

*When translating a poem do you try to render it as accurately as possible into English, or do you, in fact, retrieve from the original poem the poem you might have written. How interpretive, for example, are your translations of Remo Fasani's work?*

I guess I'm traditional in the sense that I do try to keep fairly close to the original. I'm not trying to freely rewrite or entirely recreate Remo Fasani's poems in the way that Robert Lowell would have in his book *Imitations*. What I'm interested in is an accurate translation, not an adaptation. Of course you always lose something. I don't think I was able to fully bring across the clarity of Remo Fasani's voice, it's plain-spoken eloquence. His poems have, for obvious reasons, a greater fluency in Italian. But your question reminds me of a scene in that

Cronenberg movie *The Fly*. Early in the film, Jeff Goldblum closes himself in one of the two teleportation pods and a fly gets trapped inside with him, so that as he beams himself into the other pod, the teleportation process results in a new creature that has been made to incorporate attributes of the fly. So what you're asking me, I guess, is whether it's possible, when I'm teleporting a poem from one pod to another, to can become trapped inside, so that a part of me becomes implicated in the new poem. Maybe, I don't know. I mean, with Fasani's work I kept going back and checking the original because I wanted to translate Remo Fasani and not make Remo Fasani into a pseudo-Ricardo. But the real issue, of course, is always whether or not these translations are interesting in English. No matter how obedient I want to be to their original vision in terms of their own music and tone, I'm sure somewhere in these poems are my own rhythms that I rely on to help ensure that Fasani's poems survive as English translations. Though given the film's devastating conclusion where the fly completely overwhelms Goldblum's physical and psychological identity, I can only hope that whatever hybrid I've created will also be able to survive as Remo Fasani. ☼



Arlene Collins

Ricardo Sternberg

—Interview by Carmine Starnino

## The Dream

Recitativo:

The man, Remo Fasani,  
by profession first a peasant  
and then a teacher,  
by faith: a solitary protester,  
by nationality: Swiss,  
by speech and character: Lombard,  
(definitely a mountaineer),  
by culture: Italian (Florentine),  
a little German (Holderlin),  
and Chinese (Li Po),  
who, between Coira, Zurich, Neuchatel  
has, at this exact moment,  
lived half his life in exile,

who considers Buddha, the Man,  
Asoka, the ideal Sovereign,  
and thus dares call himself  
a citizen of the world  
(the term in no way diminishing  
his sense of exile) —

this man, on the night  
of the thirty first of March  
of nineteen seventy four  
at first light of dawn  
dreamt the dream of his fifty second year  
a dream he now retells  
in a sincere and scrupulous manner  
but without interpretation.

## Aria:

The spring that faces Mesocco  
that is aptly called the Fountain  
and sprouts from the flank  
of the most massive, hovering  
mountain of the range,  
swells with more water than usual,  
becomes a waterfall that rains in curtains  
one next to the other, one over the other,  
and the sun pierces this aqueous veil  
so that one can no longer tell  
what is water, air, light,  
or whether water is indeed falling  
or hangs, suspended.

The flood nevertheless grows  
and sweeps over houses  
gently submerging them  
and, growing, disappears into the ground;  
I hear it now from this side,  
the opposite side of the valley:  
these are seconds of held breath,  
an inexpressible point of time  
that screams of the cataclysm  
and all of life depends on it.  
But the catastrophe changes  
into a mysterious stirring.  
In the heart of the village  
there is a green meadow  
where tree trunks stand, hollowed,

wasted to their half-height:  
these mouths, for so long  
bereft of life exhale now  
a blue fume, a spirit-fume.  
"Life stirs at the roots  
and rises into old trunks"  
as I wrote thirty years ago,  
though ignorant then  
of this new rebirth.

I reach another, steeper, meadow  
where I had long ago known  
the fatigue of the mountain peasant.  
The ground is freshly furrowed  
yet this is not our earth  
but fertile African soil.  
Working it is our Fausto Coppi  
from our boyhood days.

I am not with him.  
I am climbing the slope that leads  
at the summit to the mission cross.  
I tell him: Whatever happens, be careful...

## The Walk

There are three paths I can take  
when I take a walk:  
around the peninsula of Segl lake,  
round the lake itself, away from Silvaplana  
or within the solitary Fex Valley.  
Depending on weather, depending on how I feel,  
resting or tired, I choose now one, now another.

The path along the peninsula is the shortest,  
yet the most varied. Between larches spruce pine  
this path follows sometimes the shore  
sometimes enters the thicket; light  
and shade shift, alternate, blend.  
From a small bay one hears chattering water  
and that sound is silence, time suspended.

The path along the lake is circling back.  
If it leaves the shore it is but briefly  
and never so far as to lose sight  
of the flickering reflections. Once and a while,  
the unexpected sounds of splashing:  
wind surfers struggling for a desperate balance.  
But eternal on that shore  
the pyramid of Zarathustra.

The path inside the valley takes you far indeed  
and reminds me of alpine trails I know well.  
On the beaten earth extrusions of root and rock  
can exhaust the unexperienced  
but the versed foot sidesteps the obstacles  
and makes of impediments the reason  
no longer to walk, but to fly.

## To My Father

You farmed and dealt in cattle  
and cared for little else.

How many years you cleared  
fertilized and mowed the same ground.  
And I ask myself: whose life takes him further,  
that of a man who travels the world  
from one end to the other  
seeing so many things?  
Or that of a man who remains  
rooted to the same turf  
and feels time growing there  
to become almost eternal?  
Not for me to answer,  
though it is true that I have searched  
for summits and depths more than horizons.

But your art when cutting deals!  
Instinct and reason came into play  
to allow you to perceive  
disparate elements and make them one.  
What winds blew in the marketplace,  
how to size up at a glance  
the live animal that won't stand still,  
what words to say to the seller  
or the buyer: all this you pulled off  
on the wing and with such ease  
only the smile gave it away.

To be like you as a poet...



## To ...

Over the phone I read you  
the poem I wrote  
after our argument, the nth one  
we have allowed to brew  
or were pulled into  
by some devilish dynamic:  
this after a time of happiness  
so complete and intact  
it seemed indestructible.

"It is very beautiful," you said,  
"one of the best you've written  
but, still, only a game"  
and you did not know then  
that with your comments you echoed  
the definition of poetry  
given by one of the greats: Friedrich Schiller.

So be it: a game; but how serious  
and how exacting: demanding all  
be sacrificed, life itself  
though life is not to be relinquished  
but tightly gripped.  
A mystery. As great as the mystery  
spoken of by mystics and enlightened ones  
and which lies beyond words.

Except that the poet *has* to speak.  
That is his sentence.  
But *dagegen ist kein Kraut gewachsen* –  
"though no grass grows on its account"  
or only the grass...and here be your name  
which I cry out to the point  
where it becomes my silence.

## Seeing things: Sandra Nicholls

*Your series Woman of Sticks, Woman of Bones tells the story of a contemporary woman who is trying to deal with the reality of the world she lives in while simultaneously grappling with a visionary experience. Beyond the obvious supernatural issues that the poems tackle, is it possible to also read the series as a comment on what writers do, how writers are always, in a sense, struggling with their own visions?*

I would have to say yes, but only to the extent that the poems themselves see the visionary process as an imaginative act. In the series the woman is at first unable to get visions, tries desperately for them, looking for them all over the place, often creating visions where there are none, and finally she realizes that the visions and voices she is getting are, in fact, visions and voices coming for her own body. The poem's don't deny the validity of the woman's visionary experience as divine -- the account takes the supernatural claim of her visions seriously enough not to label it a self-delusion -- rather they opt for the view of her visions as ultimately a manifestation of the human imagination (in this case, as made manifest through the human body). In other words, the series tries to demystify the visionary process by reducing it to a psychological truth -- that visions, like poetry, can be understood as the imagination's response to reality.



It's that 'truth', I think, that also allows for such a strong twinning of author and subject in the series. The imagination plays the same role in my effort of trying to put these poems together as it does in the effort of the woman who is trying to understand her visions. When writing the poems, I try to let them bubble up naturally, and then make the connections later. Sometimes, poems will emerge that I'm totally confused by, poems wrapped up in a world of private symbols. That's exciting because I have to then open them up and translate those symbols into something people will be able to read, into an experience they can share. Throughout the series, the woman's visions often have very personal meanings; like dreams, they put her in contact with buried aspects of herself, and in the act of making sense out of those aspects, in making them accessible, she creates art. Since the risks in both are the risks of self-exposure and self-disclosure, the woman's struggle to understand her visions becomes a useful way of documenting the writer's own process of self-discovery. ✨

—Interview by Carmine Starnino

## The Woman in the Wall

From the absence of visions  
of voices or signs, I turn  
my face to the wall,  
press my ear to the floral paper.  
The woman must be inside  
her teeth splintered with wood  
her nails crusted with white dust  
from the struggle to get out.  
I have created her  
from the scraping inside me  
I refuse to hear  
in the deep pit of the afternoon  
or long into the night,  
the body is a clever old trickster  
to locate itself elsewhere:  
in the groove of an old record  
or under the carpets,  
the body is also terrified,  
throwing its voice  
from inside the wall, or calling  
on the phone, disguised  
as your mother, you're always blind  
to its coming, until one day  
you stop listening,  
it's this or it's that or it's anything  
but me, the moon, the weather,  
the time of the year,  
the walls begin to peel away like skin:  
there is no one inside.

Sandra Nicholls – *The Woman in the Wall*

## The breath of God

Why not turn away,  
 make yourself "light  
 as a feather on the breath  
 of God," no marriage  
 of the earthly sort  
 chosen, blessed,  
 sweet breath of roses for supper  
 and below your heels  
 the crushed heads of serpents,  
 and so did the visions  
 come to you in life apart  
 from the world  
 sisters made chaste  
 by the right desire  
 working your miracles, virgins all,  
 no women to earthly creatures wed  
 our rages not immaculate  
 our tempers and our ordinary headaches,  
 fire preserved in the dim insides  
 of a drawer, kept shut,  
 tangled spoons, bones and hides,  
 and a voice barely heard,  
 a door you can't budge,  
 though you'd lick the spoons clean  
 of poison scraped from a dozen sores  
 for a vision, a vision  
 of something different.

## Visionaries

I come from a long line of them,  
my grandfather  
once fell asleep for two days  
no one could rouse him  
rolled up like a rug  
on the stained sofa  
while the house bustled  
around him like some speeded up  
film about clouds or flowers  
and when he woke up he told  
my mother he had been in Tibet  
at a funeral procession, somewhere high  
in the mountains, there were bells  
on the donkey's necks, he could hardly  
breathe, up so high  
among the mountain flowers  
in raw golden silk  
his feet the colour of amber.  
My mother believed him,  
turning away from the grey  
ashes kindled in the grate,  
the dim force of his life,  
and the dark-skinned bottles  
lined up like mourners  
beside the sofa.

## First rain

It's the first rain in a new town  
showers of glass pebbles  
pelt the perfectly white siding  
of the unfamiliar house.  
Until the rain I was blind,  
now I can hear the shape of the land  
in the dark, suddenly everything  
has a sense of possibility —

I stumble outside to follow  
the rising pitch of storm  
where rain takes on the form  
of porches, fences,  
taps out the metal roof  
of an empty barn, the sound  
reminds me I am an outsider here,  
the way it reveals: nothing happened in this place,  
*nothing I made happen.*

I've a foreigner's wanting  
to be formless as rain,  
which likens itself to the things  
it touches, each slope and angle  
defined as drops falling shape themselves  
to the new, but I have only  
the wanting; I am human, and hard  
to uproot. When I miss my footing  
in the dark, I crouch down,  
blinking at the earth, for a moment  
become, in the darkness drowning,  
for a moment imagine, dazzled by the streaming  
voices of the storm, that I am welcome here,  
as familiar as rock, as animal,  
as rain.



## Like rain

I am staring from a window  
 silver plated with rain  
 the yard is dizzy with deep  
 green puddles, dozens of beetles  
 skate across the surface  
 as if it is ice, the house  
 is quiet, the children at school,  
 I study the patterns of circles  
 until the world  
 before me dissolves and I forget  
 as the water forgets,  
 if I drop a stone straight  
 down into the centre  
 the surface will close over  
 flat and implacable  
 my face reflected fragile  
 as a ghost, my mouth ready  
 to swallow one stone  
 and then another  
 but from behind this window  
 the lovely fluid ripples  
 beyond the path of stones  
 will tell me nothing,  
 I grow older as they arc and hold  
 like the shield of a turtle's back,  
 or the dark furrows in a field  
 ploughed, and hardened with frost,  
 I see no face I recognize  
 in the window bound,  
 in the glass. If I dropped a stone  
 would the life contained  
 flow green like rain  
 or simply shatter?

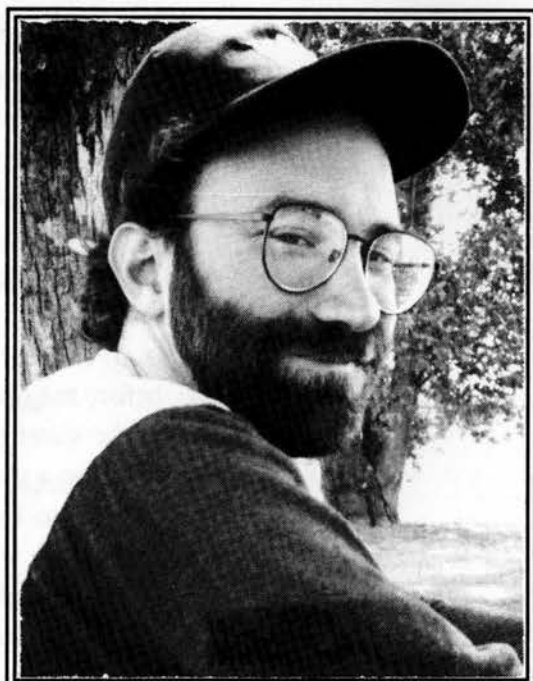
## Stealing kisses: Raymond Beauchemin

*I've noticed in "Evelyn" and in other work I've seen and heard of yours a certain disregard for propriety, a challenge to readers to accept language and situations they might not otherwise accept. Is this purposeful? How does it reflect your ideas and expectations about fiction?*

I expect to finish this novel and find it on a remainder shelf in Russell's in two years! Until then I expect to continue to challenge myself, to disregard my own sense of the conformity of fiction-writing. That's the key, I guess, to successful writing — to keep pushing oneself and one's work, to see what I can get away with and still maintain credibility and trust. I've been seeing what I can get away with since I was a boy. Challenging readers is like stealing kisses.

In terms of writing, though, what this has meant for me is how to make characters believable; how do I move characters through a story line and plot that are reasonable for who these characters are; how do I use language to accomplish these things? These ideas aren't so new, really. Writers have asked these questions of themselves for 3,000 years. With *Frog*, the novel I'm writing from which "Evelyn" is excerpted — it's a truncated version of a long chapter — I have the added weight of my initial inspiration, the fairy tale "The Frog King." To me, the fairy tale is one of discovery: of the self and of others. The key moment in the fairy tale is when the princess throws the frog against the wall, only to discover he's a prince. In my novel, I've forced myself to create situations that could eventually lead the characters to that point of epiphany, of revelation. They see their dual natures, the frogs they are on the outside — or on the inside. And language — imagery and metaphor, the pace of sentences and paragraphs, assonance and consonance and the juxtaposition of words — is the vehicle, the camel that brings the magi to the frog pond.

These thoughts are quite conformist. (Even the frog pond, ask my priest.) I believe in proper storytelling, the alpha and omega and everything that comes in between. And it's that in-between area where there's room to push, and grow, and spit on conformity. If I hold disregard for propriety and continue to conform to fiction's structures, it's because I am, myself, a frog. ☼



Denise Rolg

— Interview by Carmine Starnino

# Evelyn

by Raymond Beauchemin

(*Evelyn is a chapter from Frog, a novel-in-progress.*)

Carol Brooksbank, five foot nine, buxom, Auburn hair cut short and waved like early photographs of the princess of Wales, long eyelashes that framed walnut-colored eyes. She was the daughter of a pharmacist, Charles Brooksbank, and Evelyn Brooksbank, from whom Carol inherited everything, height, hair, breast-size and eyes. Eyes that at that moment were red and puffy.

"No. Don't touch me. Don't you ever ... how could you? ... just ... get away, you fucking beast!"

Andrew had expected a reaction, perhaps not this one, but he had expected something. Maybe something more befitting her regal haircut. Her response was a delayed one. After she hadn't said anything for about five minutes and her eyes had started to moisten then finally to spill over with tears then later to dry, redden and puff, he had reached over with his hand and wrapped it around her upper arm. Where the shirt sleeve ended. Where her rowers' muscles were prominent. He snapped back his hand.

"I didn't mean ... it was never my intentio ... I ... it was an accident. Things just happened. I don't know what else to say."

"Then shut up."

"Carol ..."

"Shut up!"

Andrew watched her unfold herself from the bench and stand. Walk to the guardrail and look out over the reservoir. The lake was a quarter wide as it was long, and it was a bit more than half a mile long.

"And why now? My mother hasn't been dead six months."

A trail, a car-and-a-half in width,

rocky and covered with pine needles and leaves, circled the reservoir. The entire circuit was over three miles. Andrew and she went there often to walk, talk, and twice they'd laid down in a nestle of pine needles under cover of the night, and fucked each other's brains out. She had a voracious appetite for sex and they did it where and when they could. Her car, his car, her mother's car. Dorm rooms, dining rooms, living rooms, bathrooms. Public and private. Birthdays, holidays, holy days. Mother's Day.

On Mother's Day, he got it twice in fact. Good looks were not all Carol Brooksbank had inherited from her mother.

"I miss her, too," Andrew said.

About six months into dating Carol, accepted into the family as a serious and deserving, though still young, suitor — perhaps it helped that his mother and Carol's mother had once served on the parent-teacher association together and had become friends (not exactly have-'em-over-for-dinner-once-a-month buddies, but certainly two-cheek-kiss friends) — Evelyn had noticed the young man.

The morning after their high-school graduation, Carol and Andrew were to join a group of their friends at the beach. Departure time: 5:30 a.m. Andrew stayed the night at the Brooksbank's, in a flannel sleeping bag on an air mattress set up in the parquet floor of the TV room. Evelyn volunteered to wake up the pair — Carol slept in her second-floor bedroom, of course, surrounded by the stuffed animals of her childhood and the hidden condom packages of her recent sexual awakening — to get them on the road on time.

At the doorway of the TV room before entering. White Ralph Lauren ter-

rycloth bathrobe. Cinctured closed and tight at the waist. Opening only at the knee, where one leg was crossed before the other. Evelyn stopped and leaned against the doorjam, looked at the boy on the ground in the room before her. Hot, he had folded the top of the sleeping bag over in the night. Exposed. He lay in his underwear, barechested and thin. Thin like a middle-distance runner. She would go to him, cover up his blond body, brush hair out of his eyes and nudge him awake. Like a future mother-in-law would. Like a mother would. This is what she had risen early to do. Five a.m. Risen early only by half an hour. She was up in the kitchen by 5:30 every day anyway. Preparing for Charles, who had shit, showered and shaved every morning for the past fifteen years between 5:45 and 6:15 and had read his newspaper and eaten breakfast — two over easy, whole wheat toast, glass of grapejuice, cup of coffee — by 7 and was at the pharmacy to open at 7:30, an hour and a half before all the other pharmacies in town because the early bird gets the worm and so would he. And he had. Evelyn

had no complaints about the way she lived. None that she would talk about publicly. Maybe even none that she recognized when she was alone with her thoughts. They had a beautiful daughter

together. Bright and beautiful as her mother and as willful as her father. They built a warm home together. Full ranch. Seven rooms. Finished basement. Fireplace with openings on the living room and the master bedroom. Dining room with a teak-finish table that sat eight comfortably. Two full baths. Two cars. She had her volunteer commitments and an occasional for-pay article in the local newspaper/shopper. She had her weekly appointment at Marc's and a daily aerobic workout. She had a Filipino woman

come in twice a week to clean and help with the grocery shopping. She was thirty-nine. And.

She was thirty-nine and a young man of eighteen was lying on a sleeping bag in her TV room in only his underwear. Her daughter's boy. Her daughter, whom she suspected was sleeping with this young man of eighteen because of the condoms she found in her daughter's bedroom. Right there with the first teddy bear they'd ever given her. And the cute stuffed frog this boy had given her for Valentine's. So sentimental and saccharine. She was amused, touched and even a bit revolted by it. The youth. The nostalgia. What she missed, now that she had everything. Evelyn uncrossed her legs and pushed away from the door. She crossed the room slowly, crouched before Andrew. The bathrobe gave way, exposing her knee, her thigh. She looked at his face, already the signs of male-pattern baldness showing in his scalp; scanned his body, the squiggles of blond chest hair, the more conspicuous amount down around his navel and descending darker

Andrew had expected a reaction, perhaps not this one, but he had expected something. Maybe something more befitting her regal haircut.

toward some area that area under his cotton briefs where she detected the morning swelling of his penis and where she found her hand destined. She stopped. Couldn't or didn't want to go

further. Knew or felt somewhere that it wasn't quite right what she was doing. But what was that? She wasn't doing anything but admiring, and dreaming. Like the boy himself, just dreaming. She touched it, his penis, through the briefs, with only a finger. Ran it down from the tip to the thickness at the base. Andrew moved in his sleep. She withdrew the finger, refocused herself, waited a minute and brought her hand up to his face, brushed the hair out of his eyes and nudged him awake.



"Good morning, dear," she said. Remained crouched before him.

Groggy Andrew. Groggy Froggy. "Good morning, Mrs. Brooksbank. Thanks for waking me up."

"You don't have to call me Mrs. Call me Ev. OK? You're an adult now, out of school."

"OK."

"Fine." She still hadn't moved. Her arms were folded before her, resting on her knees. She leaned forward in the crouch. "Did you sleep OK?"

"Yeah, yeah, I slept fine. It's a good air mattress. Pretty firm, you know?"

"Yes, I know. We bought a set of mattresses like that and three sleeping bags just like that one a couple of summers ago. We went on a camping trip to Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. We drove, and stopped at roadside camping areas. Met all kinds of people from all over the country. We had a tent large enough for the three of us, it was dwarfed by all these recreational vehicles, though. You know those giant Winnebagos? People travel around the country in these things. Caravans of genuinely friendly people. They're excited to explore and know so much. But you must know this. Did Carol ever tell you?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Yes, I suspect she wouldn't have. She hated it. But she was fourteen. She wanted to remain in the city and go to movies and eat Chinese and be with friends. Not her dopey parents on a dopey camping trip."

Andrew laughed. "I can understand."

"I'm sure you can," Evelyn said. Laughing, too. Unfolding her arms and touching Andrew on the bare arm near the shoulder. Just briefly. Too short to be misinterpreted, but long enough to imprint heat and for Andrew to register the same. She refolded her arms. Hid her hands inside the

folds of the bathrobe. "Did you do much camping with your parents?"

"No, no. Not with my parents. I was a Boy Scout. Did most of my camping with them. Lots of weekend trips, but some week and two-week trips, too."

"That sounds exciting."

She would go to him, cover up his blond body, brush hair out of his eyes and nudge him awake. Like a future mother-in-law would. Like a mother would.

Andrew studied Evelyn's face. The tanned smoothness of her cheeks. The way her eyes crinkled when she smiled. It disturbed him some, what he was beginning to feel. In his groin. A slight

swelling. But it excited him, too, the excitement was exciting. The possibility of making it with this older woman, his mother's friend, the mother of his girlfriend, this woman crouched before him with her bathrobe open and her legs exposed down down down to very near a soft warm spot. He smiled. He realized he'd forgotten what she'd said.

"I'm sorry. ... What?"

"Oh nothing. I just said your camping trips sounded exciting."

Ah yes. Exciting. That was the word. "Yeah, they were. Sometimes. But it was the same places most of the time. Got boring. I would think a trip to Nova Scotia would be exciting." Exciting with you, that is. But he couldn't say that. He tried out the new word: "Ev."

She smiled again. "Yes. It was. Maybe next time."

"Mother!" A shout from the doorway. Andrew and Evelyn looked up surprised. Carol stood in her pyjamas. Evelyn took her hands from the folds of the bathrobe, placed them on her knees. Andrew saw how smooth they were still. Slender fingers, taut skin. A young woman's hands. Like Carol's. A solitaire diamond ring and a band of gold. Evelyn rose from her crouch slowly, taking hold of the bathrobe and closing herself in.

"Well, good morning, Carol. I was just coming to get you."

"It's 5:15! We have to leave in fifteen minutes. I'll never have time to get ready. What we were thinking? You know how long it takes for me to get ready!"

"I'm sorry, honey. I didn't think you were going to get all dressed up for the beach. I was just coming up. I thought you'd have plenty of time."

"I'm not getting dressed. But I still have to do my hair. And I still want to have breakfast."

"Your mother's right, Carol, we've got plenty of time. We'll get breakfast on the road. And you can just put your hair up in a barette or something."

Carol stared at him. No crinkle in her eyes. She stomped her foot, grunted "oohh!" and ran back up the stairs.

Evelyn turned to Andrew. "I guess you better get up before she comes back down again."

"Yeah, I wouldn't want to get on her bad side today."

"No. You don't." She laughed, turned and left the TV room.

Andrew woke up, his hard prick a mountain of resolve and wishful thinking.

Now breaking it off with her daughter, Andrew, sitting on a bench overlooking the town reservoir, remembered how it began with Evelyn. The middle part, too, remained quite vivid. The secrecy involved in arranging their trysts. His fumbled first attempts at seducing her leading to acquiescence, letting her take the role of instigator, aggressor, teacher. Evelyn on the bottom, Evelyn on top. Evelyn from behind or on her side. Evelyn in a thousand-dollar evening dress or dressed in Carol's old high-school tartan uniform. Evelyn with amaretto and Evelyn armored in leather. Evelyn saying, "This is how you do this..." or "A car is fine for my daughter, but not for me ..." Everything with

Evelyn a lesson in longing. Evelyn with her legs closed together and Andrew's wrapped around her buttocks as if she were the man and he were the woman. When Andrew's eye drew a tear, she thought he was crying out of some deep love for her, which she both admired and feared, but that wasn't the case, Andrew knew. He lied anyway, longing, perhaps, not to know the truth. Maybe, even, everything about him had forgotten — his face, arms, chest and legs — everything except the eyes. Had forgotten the way he was taught to spread his legs. "I love you, Ev," he said, as she rose above him.

And Evelyn answered, "No, you don't, Andrew." And her pussy came down, a wet warm glide the length of his twenty-year-old's penis. He answered nothing in return.

And meanwhile, in other rooms, in other time-spaces and mental-places, he was saying, "I love you, Carol."

And Carol would reply, "I know you do, Andrew."

And Ev's voice rung in Andrew's head, "No, you don't."

Andrew's breakup with Carol came only months after it ended with Evelyn. That was only natural, in hindsight. Andrew stayed with Carol, a year maybe after he'd started faking his love for her, because of Ev, and when Ev died — under anesthesia during what would have otherwise been a routine D&C after miscarrying a two-month-old fetus, a child either of Charles's doing (so he thought) or Andrew's (so he thought, too, and had prayed, hope against hope, against) — there the beginning of the end with Carol loomed.

Carol turned from the rail. Found Andrew hunched over.

"How long did this go on?"

He straightened out, looked at her. "Carol, you don't want to know. It would ..."

"How long?"

"I don't know. About a year. Maybe longer. Like two, I think."

"You think?! You don't know? Was she the only one?"



"Yes."

"Yeah, right. And I'm supposed to believe you now after you've lied to me for two years."

"It wasn't two years."

"You just said."

"I don't know what's true any more."

She was quiet again. Sat down on the bench. Near Andrew, but not so near.

"Andrew, were you protected?"

"Hunh?"

"Did you wear a condom?"

"What, like did I get her pregnant?"

"No! You fucking idiot! Like am I gonna catch AIDS because you slept with a tramp while you were sleeping with me! Andrew, you can be so fucking stupid sometimes."

Andrew didn't know how to respond, so he said nothing.

"Well? Did you?"

"No."

"Oh great. Great. You jerk. What are you trying to do — kill me? You know everyone she's slept with? Hunh? And how about them? The women the men she slept with had slept with? Hunh?"

"You know, we weren't exactly models of good behavior ourselves. And what about you? How do I know who you slept with before me?"

Her eyes widened. The red seemed to disappear, fade from the sadness in her eyes to feed the fury rising within her gut. "I. Slept. With. No. One. But. You. You bastard. I was completely honest with you. I always have been. That's what a relationship is built on."

"That's why I'm doing this, Carol. I

couldn't live with the dishonesty any more. It was churning me up. It was driving me crazy. I didn't feel like myself any more. I had to break it off."

"You could have lied when you did it. Dickhead."

Andrew studied Evelyn's face.

The tanned smoothness of her cheeks.

The way her eyes crinkled when she

smiled. It disturbed him some, what he was beginning to feel.

The contradiction escaped them. Evaporated like angry words thrown at stones.

"She'd only slept with one other man before me. Her husband."

"She was married? Oh God,

what next? Who was she?"

"She was a friend of my mother's."

"An older woman?!"

"I didn't say ..."

"Ohmi ..." Carol started to say, but ran to the guardrail and threw up over the side. After a moment she turned around.

"Can I ask you one last question before I say I don't ever want to see you again?"

Andrew didn't answer. Knew the question was coming whether he did or not.

"Why?"

"Nice hands."

"What?"

"She had nice hands. Like yours. You'd never have thought she was older. I ..."

The spit landed on the knee of his jeans, some on his shirt where it creased near the buckle. She'd aimed for his face but was no spitter. "I hope you never know what it's like to say I love you again, you fucking frog." And she walked away.

The slight breeze over the reservoir had picked up. It now misted his face. He found the wind and water oddly comforting, soothing his aching, red-bulging eyes. He wiped his brow then looked at the moisture collected like a watery-web between his fingers. ☼

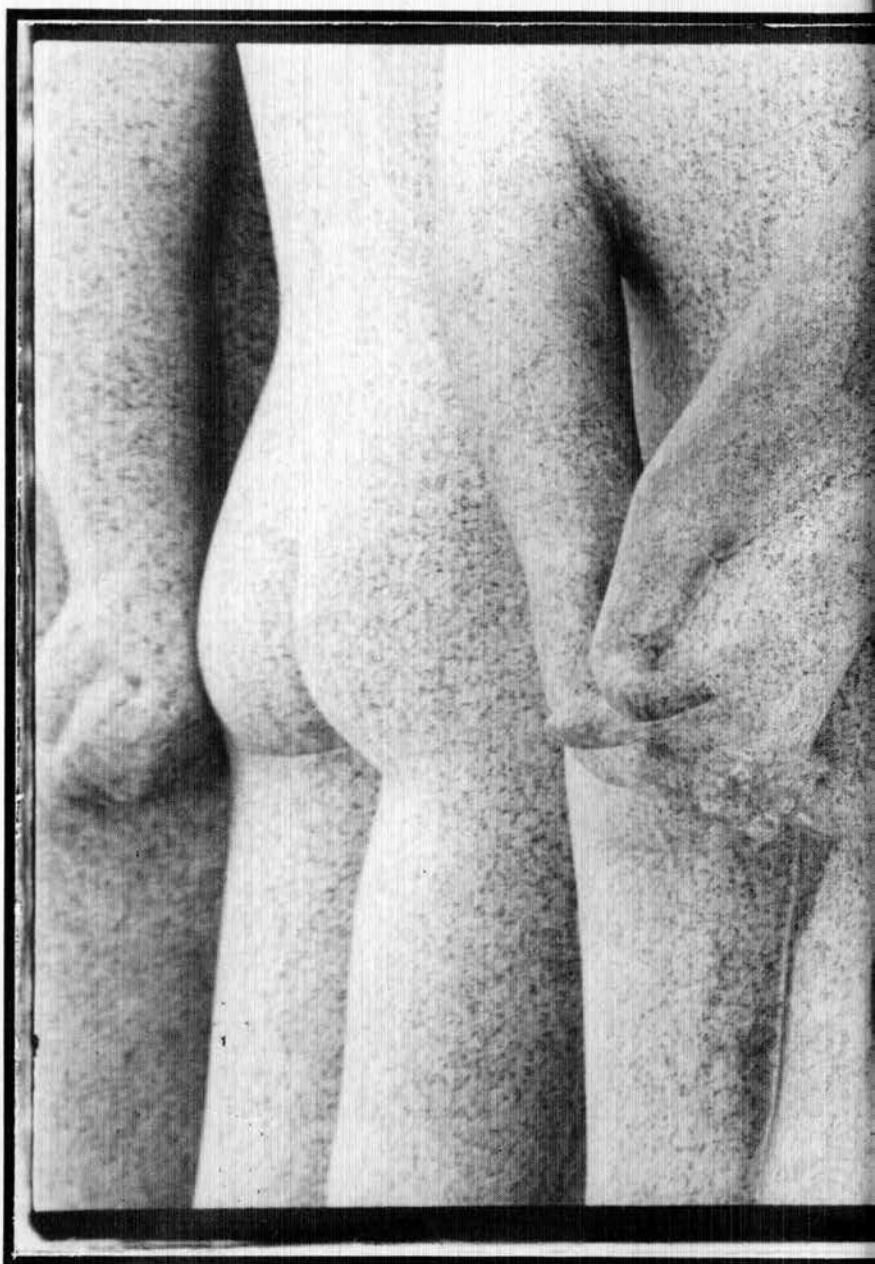
# the last page...

## listening

*by Jennifer Boire*

listening to the peculiar hum of machinery,  
the humidifier at night, steady thrum of  
moisture hitting dry air, a persistent high -  
pitched whine that smacks the eardrum,  
she hears a cat crying, maybe trapped  
in the basement two floors below, or locked  
outdoors, a sound not loud enough to make out  
clearly. it's like that every time she vacuums,  
hearing cries of momma, momma, she quickly turns  
off the switch, heart racing, especially if  
she's left them in the other room, even for a  
few minutes.

everytime this happens, they are playing quietly,  
with blocks or balls or making a house with cushions  
& chairs; there is no danger, no accident, no tears,  
but as soon as she turns on the machine again  
& hears that whine, every fibre of her body listening,  
expecting disaster, every resonant chord in the mother -  
apparatus ready to hear someone calling her. even  
in the low pitch of her husband's breath, sleeping  
beside her at night she can hear a cry for help.



Joshua Radu